

## THE GOSPEL OF PURITY.

BY REV. ALBERT MANN, JR.

Christianity is the Gospel of Purity. It comes to make a filthy world clean and wash away its stains of sin. It comes to take men, arrayed by nature in the impure garments of wickedness and re-array them in the white robes of moral and spiritual righteousness. I believe there is great need that this Gospel of Purity be preached today; for Satan has laid his sooty hand on well nigh every thing and soiled it—society, literature, science, politics, business, conversation: The Serpent has crawled over them all and left a trail of slime behind. Oh! for the supernatural hand of Belshazzar's feast to come and write on all political banners, on all printing-presses, over all store-counters, in all drawing-rooms and across all hearts these words: "Be thou clean!"

Be clean in speech. A Christian gentleman complained to me the other day, that it was almost impossible to say anything without having a double meaning put to it by somebody. There are cultured and "respectable" men who carry around a stock of immoral jokes with them and retail them in the cars and in the city. There are men in the church who are in the habit of telling stories that are funny only where they are impure. I tell you, friends, no good man has any right to spin yarns that he would be ashamed to have his mother or wife or daughter over-hear. When I hear of a man who calls himself the servant of the spotless Saviour, yet who indulges in sensual gossip, I know that man needs praying for, just like any other sinner. His mouth needs to be washed out with soap, and his heart converted over again. Oh! that we all might be infected by the Prayer of David: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord."

Be clean in your reading. One of the saddest omens of our times is the impurity of the press. I do not know of a single leading daily paper in New York that is clean enough for a Christian man to read through. Sometimes I find myself sitting in the cars and holding a paper with a dirty scandal printed on the first page, that I would no more dare to read to the lady seated behind me, than I would dare to openly insult her. Measure the columns of to-morrow's paper and see if three-quarters of its "news" is not new iniquity. Reformatory movements, the speeches of godly men, doings of the church, the progress of Christianity, the conversion of sinners—these things are either crowded off in a corner or go unnoticed; while murders, robberies, political wire-pullings, riots, war-rumors and social scandals roll their black billows of printer's ink all over the pages. Do you want your children to wallow in the recitals of British and American divorce cases, that dip down into all the details of lewd humanity? I tell you, these things are making all our papers Police Gazettes without the illustrations! Be thou clean, Oh man of God, in thy reading: When you see the headlines that cover these literary cess-pools do not read down the column. Check your curiosity as you value your soul and your family. No man can drink sewer water and be healthy; and you cannot drink in all this printed filth and be clean in the sight of God. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Be clean in business. Too many men are lambs in the church and wolves on Wall Street. Religion needs to go clerk-ing behind our counters, and book-keeping at our offices. If all our yard-sticks were measured by the Golden Rule, and all our weights tested in the Almighty's balances, and all our commercial arithmetic figured up by the Recording Angel, I am afraid there would be some fearful shortages. Strict honesty and brotherly kindness are as necessary to a man in the store as in the prayer-meeting; and a good Christian can no more be as harp in trade than a scoffer at worship. We have plenty of righteous indignation against business trickery that is done on a small scale; but not enough when it is done on a large scale. The fellow that juggles with three gready cards at a counter fair is a scoundrel. But the man who juggles by false rumors at the Stock Exchange is a "cap-talist!" I really do not think the Lord can see much difference between them. Oh! that Manhattan Island lived under the shadow of the Cross, and that all its business men would invite the Lord Jesus into partnership. I pray you to be member in all your transactions next week the words of my text—"Be thou clean."

But my text broadens out, and takes in all impurity. It is the voice of Him whose blood "cleanseth us from all sin." You know the circumstances of our text. It was spoken to a leper. And it almost seems as though

God permitted leprosy to exist among His chosen people because it is such a perfect type of sin, and forever kept before them by analogy the thought of their helpless impurity without God.

We talk of sin as though it were a local disorder, as if a sinner only needed a little patching up to be all right. "Mr. A—would be a perfect man were it not for his temper, and Mr. B—were it not for his drinking, and Mr. C—were it not for his tongue." But this is not the Bible view of it. It teaches that out of Christ we have the sin leprosy from head to foot; that will, intellect, affections and all our faculties are contaminated. We are not evil in our imaginations and pure in our actions. Our minds cannot dwell on cruelty and impurity, and our aspirations reach out after love and holiness. This talk about a wicked man having a good heart is nonsense; for our lives grow out of our hearts, and only when the heart is clean—made clean—is the life clean.

The leper pollutes everything about him. His touch is an infection. The white scales that slough from his body pollute the ground; his poisonous breath infects the very air. No one can come near him and remain pure. And so the man whose soul is tainted by the leprosy of sin carries about him a deadly atmosphere of infection. He pollutes his fellow men because he cannot help it! I do not imagine the leper, as a rule, tried to spread his disease. I suppose many a kind-hearted one would almost rather have died than have sown his own cursed malady in the blood of his neighbor. But he was helpless to avoid it. It was in the nature of the disease to extend its deadly blight to all that came within its radius. And do you think the majority of the men who are infecting immorally their fellowmen for time and eternity are doing it "with malice aforethought?" Why, the most of men no more want to ruin their neighbors' souls than they want to assault them bodily. We all know kind-hearted sinners who are downright glad when a poor fellow-sinner is saved and started on the road to Heaven. But oh! what does this amount to? The sinner must injure others. "No man liveth unto himself." Leprosy will spread! It is one of the fearful curses of sin that a man cannot lock up in his own breast. It flies abroad; it touches and taints and kills! And every man, whether he will or not, has his grip on humanity and is lifting it through Christianity toward Heaven or dragging it through Sin toward Hell. Lord help us all to see which way we are pulling!

## Winter.

So the brook in winter sings no more? I grant he's gone in and shut the door; But, bless you! he sings in much the same way. He sang as he ran down the meadows of May. The brook (his old name, remember, was El)

Is cunning, keeping his tunes to himself. I know very well he's not sung out; And if you insist on good, full proof, Just chip a hole in his palace roof, Put down your ear, and make an end of doubt.

So the flowers in winter bloom no more? Roses are gone, but you surely must see There are blossoms on blossoms, a thousand and four.

Thicker than leaves on the summer tree, Purer than roses—ay, whiter than lilies, And of fairer fields than the daffy-down-dillies.

Summer may put a flower on each stem, But these live blossoms, half bird—what of them?

Millions on millions, everywhere, Coming a-dancing out of the air. So the skies of winter are unkind? Watch sharp the stars, and I think you will find

That, instead of looking 'round the blue, They glance straight down and right at you. The sight of all sights for bright young eyes

Is hung up there, in the winter skies. And, mark you not how clear the air is? That's the work of the witchingst fairies, The same that make pictures on the pane, And taper icicles out of the rain.—John Vance Cheney, in March St. Nicholas.

Before Willie K—s cousin Bertha arrived at his home with her parents on a summer visit his mother had told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at table. When she came Willie observed her, therefore, with admiring interest. One day his mother said:

"Do you see how nicely Bertha conducts herself, Willie?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Don't you think her manners are rather better than yours?"

"Yes, mamma; and I guess I know why."

"Why is it, my dear?"

"Probably Bertha has been better brought up than I have!"

The Seth Thomas Clock company of Thomaston, have prepared drawings for the great clock which is to be placed in the tower of the new city hall at Philadelphia, and which, if completed in accordance with their plans, will be the largest in the world. The bells upon which it will strike the hours and quarters will weigh 50,000 pounds, and the glass dials, as contemplated, measure 25 feet in diameter.

## RAWLINS' INFLUENCE OVER GRANT.

What Gen. Badeau Says of Prohibition at Gen. Grant's Headquarters.

When we all returned to Washington in 1865, Gen. Rawlins and myself finally arranged to keep house in partnership and share the expenses jointly. I then being in charge of The New York Herald bureau at Washington. These facts, well known to the public men of that day, are mentioned now in no spirit of egotism by me, but rather as a letter of credence to another generation which has come to the front since then, and to show that I was in position to share many confidences and be intrusted with many secrets which must of necessity be confined to a few persons.

Gen. Rawlins' influence upon the personal habits of Gen. Grant commenced within a week after his arrival at Cairo in August, 1861, to accept the appointment of assistant adjutant general with the rank of captain. He found Gen. Grant's office was substantially in his hat or pockets, as convenience prompted, and the camp story was but slightly exaggerated, which, as I said, he half shared with me. He was blowing about in the sand and dirt of the streets of Cairo. All was soon reduced to order, and office habits, methods and forms enforced. He also found much roystering and drinking at headquarters among the staff officers and their invited guests. Discipline among them there was none, and as a rule but little deference to rank and military custom. He soon foresaw that if Gen. Grant was to have any future promotion all this must be changed, and having cast in his lot with him for the better or for worse, he set about the difficult and thankless job of correcting these evils.

He obtained Gen. Grant's consent to the issuance of an order forbidding any open use of liquors or public drinking at headquarters. This was the first foundation stone upon which the whole superstructure of Grant's greatness was thereafter erected. Having Grant's authority for this step, given, perhaps, with little thought of the iron determination at its back, it was on that day to the end of the war mercilessly enforced. No one ever saw any open public drinking at Gen. Grant's headquarters from that time forward. There was much rebellion among the staff. Many of them tried to ignore the order, but four themselves were throttled by the iron hand of Rawlins.

Finding themselves powerless, they next resorted to keeping private stores of bottled liquors in their own tents, inviting their friends in there, dropping the flap of the tent and sometimes having a carouse. It was soon noticed that these officers, lost caste, were ordered to their regiments, or in some way removed from headquarters. Later on it was no secret that any staff officer who offered the general a glass of liquor or drank with him, or in any way whatever connived at his taking a single drink, would be disgracefully dismissed and actually degraded in rank as soon as it could be brought about. There was much indignation expressed at this action against the arbitrary authority exercised by Capt. Maj. and Lieut. Col. Rawlins, as he reached these promotions, by the full colonels on the staff, who claimed the prerogatives of superior rank. But Gen. Grant, seeing his adjutant, and respected him the more for the stand he took, because he knew it to be a turning point in his own life.—Adam Badeau in Cincinnati Gazette.

## Not Always Oversturdy.

To oversturdy is attributed many ailments of children, which are probably due to the carelessness or the indulgence of parents; in fact, the physical training is frequently as grossly neglected as the mental training is excessively stimulated. What we want in this age of rush and excitement is to insist that children shall eat simple food, take plenty of exercise and sleep and not be forced to use their minds actively until they reach the age of 8 or 10 years. If such a system were followed in California it would result in a race of superb physique, with mental strength and alertness that would keep pace with the physical powers. As it is, bad food, late hours, insufficient exercise and overstimulated study neutralize all the good results of a training that is without an equal in the world for physical or mental work.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Donnelly's Shakespearean Cipher.

Ignatius Donnelly, being asked as to the statement that he had written to a friend in New York that the cipher rule in the Shakespeare plays had failed, that he had applied it to "Pericles," the "Winter's Tale," etc., and it would not work, said that he could only reply in the words of Sir John Falstaff: "Lord! Lord! how this world is given to lying!" He had written no such letter to any person; he had never attempted to apply the cipher rule to the plays mentioned; he had enough to do to work out the cipher narrative in first and second "Henry IV." The cipher was a reality, as he would soon satisfy the world.—Chicago Tribune.

## How We Observe Traditions.

How did it happen that Socrates, the highest and noblest of them all, could so far countenance the pagan religious belief as to ask his disciples to offer the customary sacrifice of two cocks to Esculapius only a little while before his death? How does it happen that world wide traditions become so enrooted into the very blood and fiber that they must take on the facts from somebody, and they take counsel and go with the majority.—Rev. Minot J. Savage.

## See Lions and Salmon.

One of the greatest enemies of the salmon and the salmon fisheries in Oregon is the sea lion. It is estimated that half the salmon that enter the Columbia river the early part of the season are captured by these big beasts, which also damage nets to the amount of thousands of dollars. Vast numbers of them congregate at Tillamook rock and at Sealrocks, and it is suggested that dynamite be used to force them to seek other localities.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Oscillation of Chimneys.

The extent or degree of the oscillation of chimneys has been exactly measured by observation of the shadow cast by the sun upon the ground. An instance in point is that of a chimney 115 feet high and 4 feet in diameter externally at the top, near Marseilles, France, the oscillations of which were observed by the shadow during a high wind to attain a maximum of twenty inches.—New York Sun.

The Vedas, the sacred books of the Bramino religion, are believed to be 3,900 years old, that is, to date back as far as 2000 B. C.

No less than 135 tons of amber have been dug up in Prussia the past year. The Falunickens mines produced nearly half.

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ABSTRACT OF

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Loans on bond and mortgage (first liens) \$72,500 00  
Interest due and accrued 2,315 02  
United States Bonds (market value) 13,300 00  
Cash on hand and in bank 9,361 81  
\$98,067 03

LIABILITIES.  
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